

FREE
TAKE ONE

No 27

Jesus Beat



CRASH BEAT

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1986

HOT
AT MY
HOUSE



This issue is for Chris, just because...

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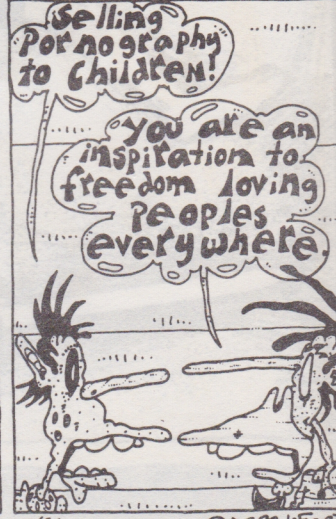
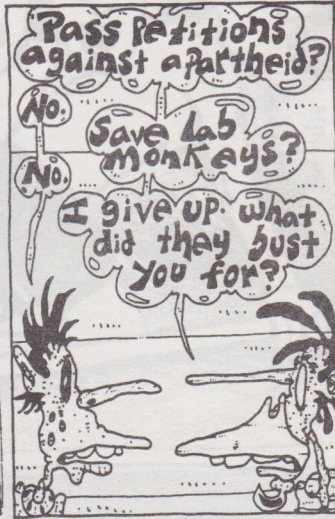
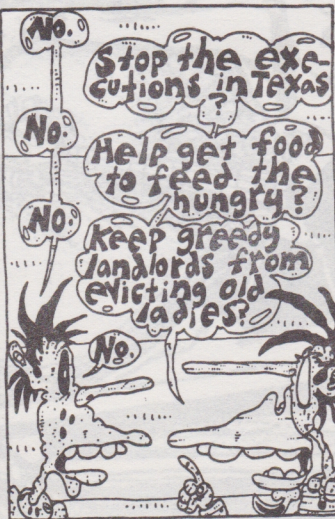
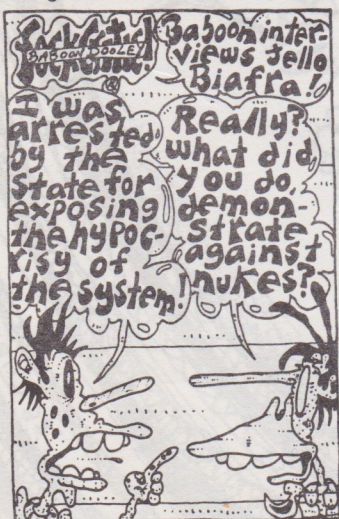
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...HOW'D THAT BLOND GUY GET INVITED HERE?

HE'S A TOTAL JERK!



Any self-respecting editorialist would have to start off with something akin to an obituary for the New York clubscene. Needless to note, we've lost - in the space of just a few weeks - Folk City, Irving Plaza, The Dive, and Danceteria. Only Maxwells and CBGB remain as venues that offer a comfortable, affordable chance to see quality touring bands and support for our local groups. Other places seem to be moving in (nature and businessmen abhor a vacuum), but the idea of \$4 drink tickets at the Cat Club or 2 a.m. showtimes at the Limelight (surrounded by disco zombies) makes me shudder. We will all have to cope with what's left and support what remains of the New York "scene" (now more a joke than it ever was). I pray that Hilly Krystal opens his wallet and hires on one or two of the now-unemployed booking people from Danceteria or Irving Plaza and improves the quality of the shows at CBGB; the bookings there have been inconsistent at best (and awful most of the time) due to Hilly's erratic (and sloppy, and thoughtless, and uneducated) bookings; and the man's taste in bands, sad to say, is worse. His pets have always been jokes - Crossfire Choir, Big Fat Pet Clams (or whatever they were called) - and the current crop aren't much better: Jupiter Jets, Jing, Jalloon July, Chemical Wedding, all the combos not worth hearing who get the prime weekend bookings and are being released on his CBGB Cassette label. C'mon, Hilly, put some class back into your act; New York City needs CBGB as much now as it did back in '76...On to other stuff: I'd like to welcome a bunch of new Jersey Beat staffers including Karen Schoemer, a dj from WCWM-FM in Virginia, in town for the summer as an intern at Rolling Stone (they don't let her write about her favorite bands; we do); Mike Aiello and Dan Iannuzzelli, who'll be doing our metal scene stuff; John Lisa, from Staten Island's Organized Confusion; and Cold-Iron, our new h-c guy, who we got in a trade with Pittsburgh's SKATE DEATH for Metal Mike Ferris and a tape columnist to be named later...Yo La Tengo's Dave Schramm will be moonlighting in a new combo called The Walking Wounded...My but aren't the boys at FORCED EXPOSURE getting awfully cranky lately?...Nice to see G.Cosloy is keeping to his promise and getting CONFLICT out every 4-6 weeks (or was that months?)...Anyone who thinks Liz Phillip (MATTER's editor & publisher) was the perfect choice to represent the whole Amerockan fanzine underground at this year's New Music Seminar probably thinks CBS Records really supports new music...Donny The Punk, head honcho of the Alt. Press & Radio Council among other pursuits, now entering his 4th month among NYC's homeless...It's pretty ironic that Baboon Dooley would accuse Donny of being a child molester when Donny volunteers much of his time working with rape victims and the sexually abused; I'm sure John Crawford spends his free time in the same worthwhile sort of public service...With The Dive closed and Mod Fun broken up, is there still a garage scene in New York? Just asking... Oh, you didn't hear about Mod Fun? Yup, Mick says they've packed it in (of course the Love Pushers said the same thing a few months ago - and we're playing Maxwells August 14th, plug plug)...Haven't seen much of Cuthroat since they made their Maxwells debut a while back...Gutbank's first album due out in September, along with Spiral Jetty's Tour Of Homes and Antietam's Music From Elba...The reason a certain skinhead band from So. Jersey isn't in our Shore Core feature this issue isn't because we didn't know about them, it's because we learned too much...And just for the record, if you're in a band and your idea of fun is rearranging faces, don't expect a call...

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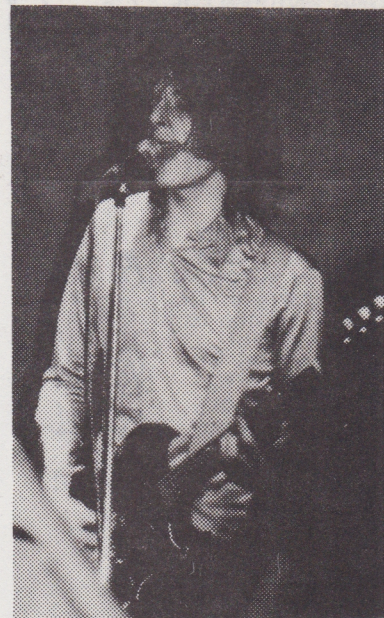
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Listen to it once and you'll think the lunatics have taken over the asylum - or, at the very least, someone let four vandals into the studio and they recorded this record on the spot. But there's more than method to Das Damen's madness: There's a hint of greatness. **DAS DAMEN** is a celebration of what Larry Grogan likes to call the Wretched Excess Era of Rock. It is an enormously ungainly, undisciplined, constantly shifting and reshuffling of 70's arena-rock 'n roll, starting with a reverse-tape loop intro the band calls "Tsavo" and then launching into "Trick Question." Like R.E.M., the Damen's Jim Walters buries banal or irrelevant lyrics beneath an avalanche of mumbles, guitar effects, and backup vocals (often mixed louder than the lead). Only catch-phrases and key words leap out of the jumble and detonate in your ear. The guitars are clangorous, sloppy, overlapping and overdubbed. On first listen it sounds like a disaster: The more attention you pay, the more you hear. Das Damen could have made a straightahead power-pop punk LP like the MC5 had they wanted to; the roots of these guys go back to two seminal hardcore bands, the Misguided and Youth In Asia, so playing real fast and staying together is no great trick for them. The tricky changes and out-of-tune vocals are part of the concept. When there is no melody to speak of, why should the singer try to carry one? The album begins in earnest with "Trick Question," kicking off in full Stooges overdrive with an arena-rock orgy of ascending power-chords. It quickly devolves into an impassioned cacophony of overlapping offkey vocals and guitar parts that bang into one another with the random thudding rhythms of bumper cars in an amusement park. There is so much on this record that is unrestrained, disordered, and chaotic that those moments of solid rock 'n roll - when bass, guitars, drums, and vocals all coalesce and unite on the beat - seem a revelation. "Slave Bird" maintains the tension of forcefully juxtaposed opposites: Art-rock guitars interrupted by awkward woeful singing erupting into a kick-out-the-jams chorus ("it keeps me wild!"), collapsing back into layers of art-rock guitars... Yes meets Iggy in the Zen Arcade. Side Two's tour de force, "House of Mirrors," repeats all the tricks introduced on Side One to even greater effect - and then tops everything that's come before with, in succession, (a.) a masterful drum break by Lyle Hysen (God, I remember when he couldn't keep a steady 4/4 or play for two minutes without dropping a stick!); (b.) the Flanger From Hell, a killer guitar effect; (c.) another machine-gun drum break from the inspired Mr. Hysen; and finally (d.) Walters' most impassioned Thurston Moore-Goes-Girl-Crazy! vocal ever. And there are two more songs left that I don't have room to describe.

Someone once described Sonic Youth as the sound of everything falling apart. In Das Damen's universe, the apocalypse is already recent history; they begin with the world in pieces and shattered bits and desperately struggle to put it back together. Their enemy isn't entropy but inertia; rock and roll at rest tends to stay at rest. Das Damen tries to get it moving again. It's back to the '70's; wretched excess as salvation. Or as McLuhan might have put it: For Das Damen, the mess is the message.

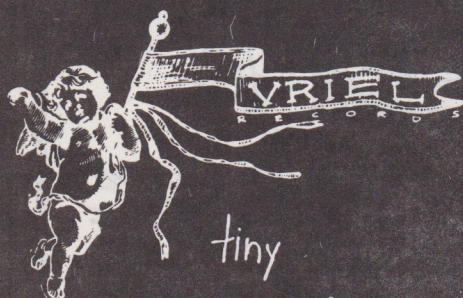
by Jim Testa

DAS DAMEN, 6-song EP
Ecstatic Peace
write: 77 Bleecker St.,
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**DAS DAMEN
ROLLS!**

REVIEWS



tiny lights
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My back hurts, my ears are burning from 3 hours in headphones, and my mind is in a blurry fog. Eight demos from the Greater New York - from live-in-the-basement hardcore to State of the Art AOR Pop, and then some - testify to why I have one of the best jobs in the world (even if I don't get paid for it). Everytime I open the mail it's an adventure - and one thing about this demo reviewing business: You can't carry a lot of preconceptions around with you or you wind up talking to houseplants and gushing about nerdy schlock like Curving Dog. Forthwith, this issue's tapes...

Jigs & The Pigs

These 5-year veterans of the New Brunswick club scene still make the sort of playful r&b flavored bar-band music that almost died with the breakup of Rockpile. Call it bubblegum with a knowing twinkle in the eye - a light touch, very Sixties-inspired guitars (equal parts garage and surf), and those meaty, beaty horns and keyboards that buoy the arrangements. And I hear they're a gas live. Good rockin' tonite.

Robert Poss, "Sometimes" 8-song cassette release

Poss founded the NY bands Tot Rocket and Western Eyes. This tape showcases his talents as songwriter, singer, and musician (guitar, bass & drums), accompanied by a backup singer and pianist. The music here plays with densities and layered effects - thick, bludgeoning guitar sounds, oddly harmonic vocals, drones, whines, hums, and backbeats. Arty without pretension, literary without dreariness, Poss' work reminds me of Billy Snow's Young Turks ambitiously post-Pop compositions. Available from Trace Elements Records, 172 E. 4th St., #11D, New York, NY 10009.

ORGANIZED CONFUSION

From the hi-tech studio finesse of Robt. Poss to the grungy basement hardcore demos of suburban NJ's Organized Confusion. Fast, loud, and fuzzy, these guitars fire up a good head of steam & the vocals capitalize on the momentum w/o getting jumbled. Good stuff for this genre. Look for them if they turn up at CBGB this summer.

The Selves

Back from a long Lost-Our-Bassist hiatus, The Selves pick up where they left off: jangly guitar garage-pop with Mike Reilly's Lou Reed Incarnate vocals. Based on this tape and a recent set at the lush country estate of Earwax' Harry Baggs, this new lineup sounds sharper, rocks harder, and should go a lot farther than the earlier version (which Bruce G. dubbed one of NJ's wimpiest). Reilly can write a slithery hooky pop song or bang out a 4-chord garage-rocker with equal aplomb, and his new rhythm section nails these tunes to your spinal chord. I do prefer the Selves' pop side to their attempts at sussing The Meaning of Life ("Elusive" being the one bona fide dog on this tape).



TWILIGHT'S CHILD

Demo Cassette

Twilight's Child are from Cliffside Park, NJ, and play in a straightforward metal style. They are not a very heavy band, but that doesn't mean they're not good. This demo is well-produced and everything is clear, highlighting the whole band's talents. They show signs of such influences as Motley Crue, Led Zeppelin, and others of that ilk. If you're interested, write them at: 268 Nagel St., Cliffside Pk, NJ 07010.

- Mike

Absolute A Go Go

The "Refulgent Colors" promised on this 4-songtape from Incas Records' newest discovery have the same velvet hue as so many new bands working in that drone groove. But this combo is hot. I love the way their songs dance around the lyrics, the guitars changing tone and density to match the mood of the music; from distorto fuzz to folk-rock acoustic to new-wavey dance-buzz, these tunes show a sophisticated command of sound (and production). Antone Petrocci's voice (quite typical of today's crop of lead singers) flirts with the melodies, wandering off-key at will, which lends a punk edge to the well-meshed guitars, bass, keyboards, and (especially) the crisply effective drumming of Jeff Ashbrook.

Big Red

Jay Schreiber, lead guitar of Big Red, caught an interview I did on Andy Gesner's show on WRSU and sent along this tape. God bless college radio.

I really like this band. Very straight-ahead '70's rock - nifty rumbling basslines and bold vocals and lots of lead guitar; very New York Dolls/Stooges/MC5, filtered thru an 80's awareness of hardcore's newly imposed limits on speed/energy. Real busy and frenetic, even on these roughly-cut home demos, Big Red has the ballsy jammin' power of the Skulls or The Swingers. The band hails from the Trenton/Princeton area, which means there's a pig's chance you'll ever see them live anywhere. Shit.

Frank Falco

Long Island's Frank Falco, age 22, isn't another Brian Wilson - yet - but he has The Right Stuff. Aided only by Adam Tecee (a brilliant sax player), Falco writes, sings, and plays everything on these 4 cuts. The material might be a tad more commercial than what I'm used to, but it sings: A gorgeous, romantic ballad with soulful sax, an R&B rocker that Springsteen would envy, a dose of white soul, and a soaring bubblegum rocker. Hot stuff. Eric Carmen, call your service.

Radical Innocence

"Dirty Little War" is a cautionary fable set to a mid-tempo rock tune, with gentle guitars and a pretty flute solo, all in a very '70's singer/songwriter style (Harry Chapin, Jim Croce, et. al.). Well constructed, cogently expressed, and with very warm production (in the band's homemade 16-track studio), it's state of the art radio fodder for today's Adult Contempo market.

"A Matter of Time" is a more pop number with a lilting melody and harmony vocals. I'm not sure where Radical Innocence fits in on the alternative scene but all their demos bespeak care, craftsmanship, and obvious talent for what they want to do. Incidentally, the band has extended an invitation to other bands looking to record demos; write them and ask about their fully-equipped studio facilities and make your own demo. Then send it to us.

(Write to Don Neary of Radical Innocence c/o Sanman Productions, 17 Terrace Ave W. Orange, NJ 07052.

NOTES FROM THE

UNDERGROUND

by Jim Testa



by Karen Schoemer

The members of Miracle Legion look innocent enough. There's frontman Mark Mulcahy, a tall lopey bear of a fellow with post-Stipe jumbles of light brown hair; grey-suited strummer Ray Neal, whose blond hair is pulled back into a pixiefied ponytail; dapper bassist Joe Potocsky in his turned-up black-banded straw hat; and drummer Jeff Wenderschell in floodgate chinos and a backwards baseball cap, which obscures the long strands of hair that will fly madly around his face once he starts stomping the skins.

On the surface, the music of Miracle Legion sounds simple enough: spiraling melodies that you can curl right up to, a whine of feedback here, a plaintive harmonica there, all tied 'round neatly by Mulcahy's springy tenor. Their discography - all on the Connecticut-based Incas label - included a cassette ("The Simple Thing"), an EP (*The Backyard*), an import 45 on Making Waves, and a delightfully regressive Christmastime 7" which features a faithful rendition of "The Little Drummer Boy" as well as a spoofy "Blue Christmas."

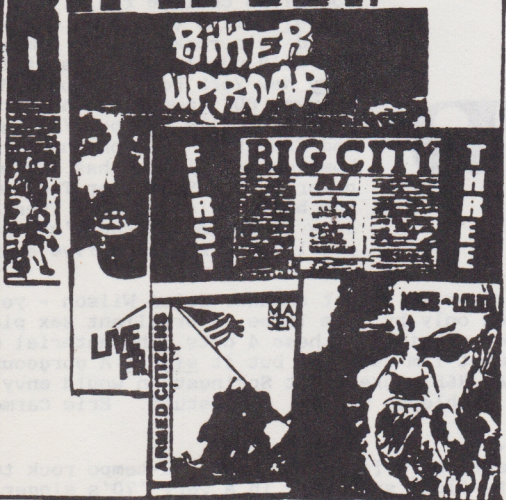
Yeah, Miracle Legion seems nice enough, but there's an underlying grittiness in the band's songs and approach that came out at their early June set at Maxwells. With a crowd of attentive aficionados curled about the stage, Miracle Legion spun thru a winning, high energy set which stressed the dynamics of their music. Numbers which opened with a basic rolling tempo and scant dancing Rickenbacker licks suddenly effused into brilliantly executed, unrestrained chaos - then just as quickly subsided again; or a tune propelled into an exuberant crescendo as drummer Jeff slammed his kit harder, axeman Ray dove into the rhythm, and singer Mark, perhaps to get more on level with the audience, fell to his knees.

"I like playing smaller, intimate places," said Ray after the set, with a gesture that encompassed all aspects of the Maxwells experience. He went on with a story about a recent gig in England (where the band toured for two weeks) in which, due to a space crunch on a small stage, the band set up right on the floor, with a gleeful crowd pushing at them from all sides. "A big stage is fun because you can move around more, but if the place is too big you lose touch with the audience - it's just rows of faces," he explained. The band was slightly overwhelmed by the immediate positive response they garnered in the hitherto uncharted Over There: "We thought it would just be a certain crowd who were into American music; but after the very first night, we had Melody Maker, NME calling to talk and taking photo sessions. It was really fantastic!" This from the wary Ray who "wouldn't want to fall into the trap of being an indie band all our lives." He was referring to the indies' biggest problem: Distribution. Indeed, Ray's dream world would be one in which "the record's everywhere, all over the world!" A new Legion demo is ready and the band is now looking for a label; a major would be great, said Ray, but "if we stay indie, we'll stay on Incas." In the meantime, this ensemble out of the aniline atmosphere of New Haven, Connecticut will continue to enrapture audiences with their poised sonic concoction of traditional but subtly powerful songs.



MIRACLE LEGION SEEMS NICE ENOUGH...

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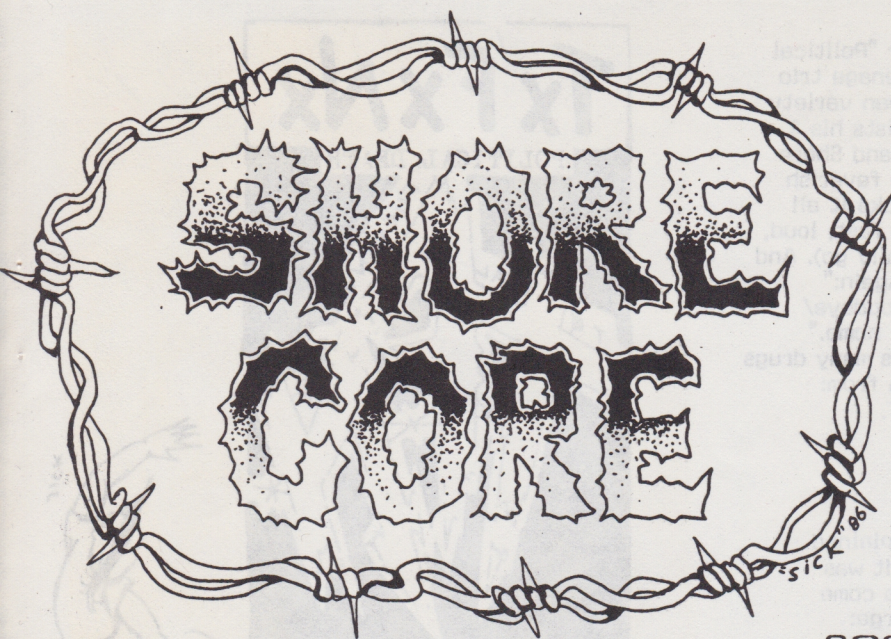
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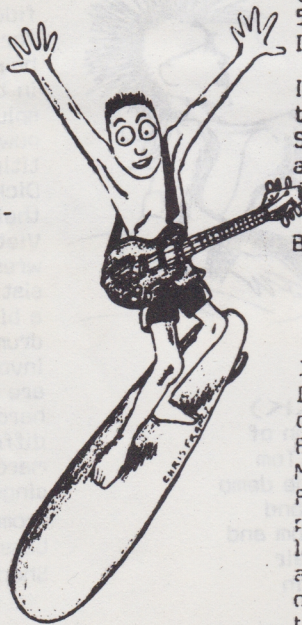
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ALBUM



ROT

Rot stands apart from a lot of the other Jersey shore bands because, while they can play fast & mean, this is not primarily a hardcore outfit. The combo capitalizes on both a strong sense of humor and a sense of rock history: Their 10-song homemade demo has songs that range from Ramonesish powerchord punk to a clever talking blues (interrupted by blistering thrash guitar) to bent-edged psychedelia. Guitarist Joe Papaleo says, "The scene down here seems to suffer from cancelled shows and plans which never work out, resulting in no place to play and nothing to do." The rhythm section - which holds together much of Rot's silly punk-play - consists of siblings Brian Wainwright on drums and brother Darren on bass. Dave Paul handles the vocals. "Some influences include T-Rex, Black Flag, Redd Kross, Circle Jerks, and Beatles," although, adds Joe, "they don't always show up in the music." The band's demo is called "Welcome To Liquid Frankenstein's 3-D Hellhole," and you can write for it to: Rot, 1928 Mizzen Rd., Toms River, NJ 08753.

- Jim T.



THE EXPOSED

"We're not exactly a hardcore band," says Yosi Levin of Toms River's The Exposed. "Our sound is more like a mixture of Rockabilly Punk (like the Cramps) and British Punk (like Killing Joke), with a twist of strange Hardcore (like Die Kreuzen or Live Skull). Some of it is definitely skank, some definitely thrash, some definitely a MAJOR mind fuck!" Like all the Shore Core bands, the Exposed complain about the difficulties in getting booked in New York and all the cancelled shows in their area. The quartet consists of Yosi (likes to scream), Pete on guitar ('a real fun guy'), Scott on bass ('an extremely tragic personality') and drummer Mike ('his girlfriend's father's best friend'). The Exposed also have a philosophy: "when you're EXPOSED to something, what you make of it is what you are." Not exactly Zen but it's as good a credo as any we've heard lately. The band is currently recording a demo called "Mrs. B Is Screaming At The Dog...Again!" and it'll be \$3 from: The Exposed, % Yosi Levin, 58 13 St. Toms River NJ 08753.

- Jim T.

SOCIAL
DECAY



SOCIAL DECAY

Social Decay is an excellent new addition to the NJ hardcore scene. They claim their influences are "Metallica, Exploited, and Kiss," as well as all NJ hc bands. Their songs revolve around death, suicide, corruption, war, hate, murder, and other things that everyone has either felt or been involved with. The members are Tom, guitar (19); Steve, bass & vocals (17), and new drummer Joe (15). The band sells their very good 5 song demo for only \$2 from: Social Decay, PO Box 267, Island Hts., NY 08732.

- John Lisa

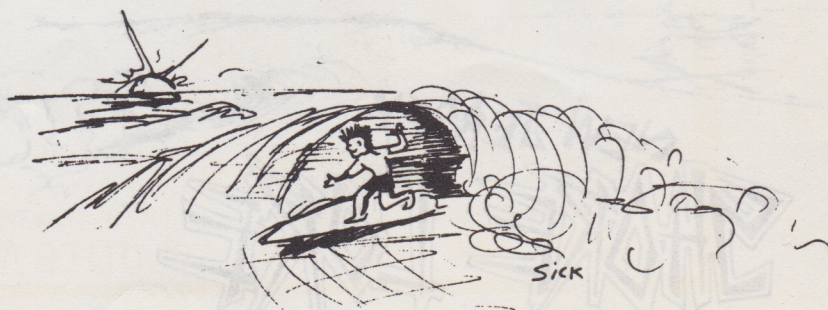
I like Social Decay. They've got a clean punk sound yet they're not afraid to mosh it up with the best of 'em. Says guitarist Tommy: "Our songs are about life, death, and the way we feel. All the songs are very real to us. This band is no joke. It's 100% feeling!" I feel pretty good when I hear this kids mix it up. Best song: "Too Young To Die."

- Jim T.

X-MEN

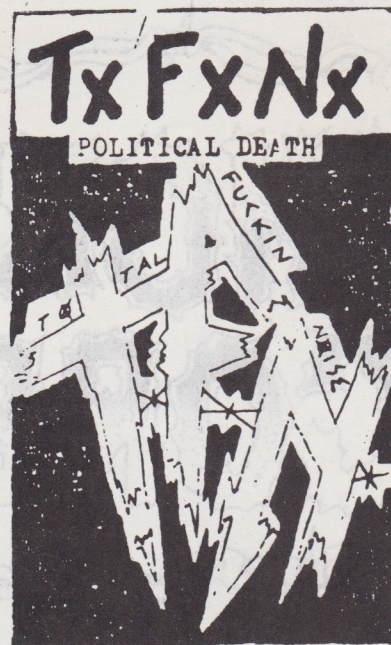
I think the X-Men still hold a grudge for a bad review I wrote on an earlier incarnation of their group called Chronic Sick. But these guys, very early in their development, played at Maxwells on a bill with The Love Pushers (leave it to Steve Fallon for creative bookings) and impressed me with a powerful punk/metal hybrid. Also the fact that the band (they went on last, 1 a.m. on a Thursday) played to an almost-empty house and didn't let up a bit in energy or togetherness speaks well of their heart & commitment. Again quoting This Zine Sucks, the X-Men are: Greg, vocals, guitar; Rafe, drums; Steve, bass; and Jack, guitar. Influences are mostly Punk: Damned, Stiff Little Fingers, Replacements, UK Subs. The X-Men say: "Support your scene, be open-minded, don't cop attitudes or be ignorant, stop watching videos, go out & support live bands, and of course, have fun."

- Jim T.



T*F*N*

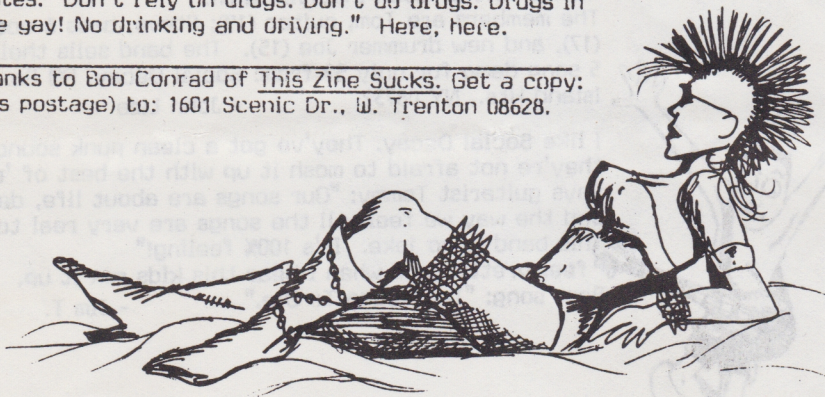
The initials stand for Total Fucking Noise and their "Political Death" demo really lives up to their name. This teenage trio from the Bricktown area bangs out a pretty mean variety of Garden State Thrash. Singer/bassist Dave, 19, lists his & the band's faves as ADD, Sacred Denial, Cro Mags, and Shore Core mates Lethal Agression. Mike, 17, spews out a feverish wall-of-noise thrash guitar sound and Eddie, 17, kicks it all into high gear on the drums. Their 15 song demo is fast, loud, tight, and not badly recorded (as these things usually go). And they write some cool songs, like my fave, "Dicked Again:" "This town's dry/can't get high/took my mon/said goodbye/sold me shit/should've known/dicked again/I'm goin' home." Sez Dave: "We all love to have lots of fun and do as many drugs as possible." Ah, words to live by. Their demo is \$4 from: TFN, 20 Citadel Dr., Jackson NJ 08527. - Jim T.



HOGAN'S HEROES

More Garden State Thrash. Guitarist George Barberio explained the lineup changes in this group to This Zine Sucks and it was so confusing that we'll just let it rest. Hogan's Heroes come with a testimonial from A.O.D.'s Bruce Wingate, says George: "Bruce said my guitar playing was hot as fuck and that he was expecting the standard thrash but the tape was totally fuckin' cool." Anything we would add would be redundant. The band is not political - "We don't exist in politics, at least I don't" sez George - and likes A.O.D., Pleased Youth, Social Decay, and F.C.C. In contrast to some of the other ShoreCore bands - who have a really Party 'Til Ya Puke Shore attitude - George states: "Don't rely on drugs. Don't do drugs. Drugs in general are gay! No drinking and driving." Here, here.

Special thanks to Bob Conrad of This Zine Sucks. Get a copy: \$1 (includes postage) to: 1601 Scenic Dr., W. Trenton 08628.



CHRISTIAN KLUX KLAN (CKK)

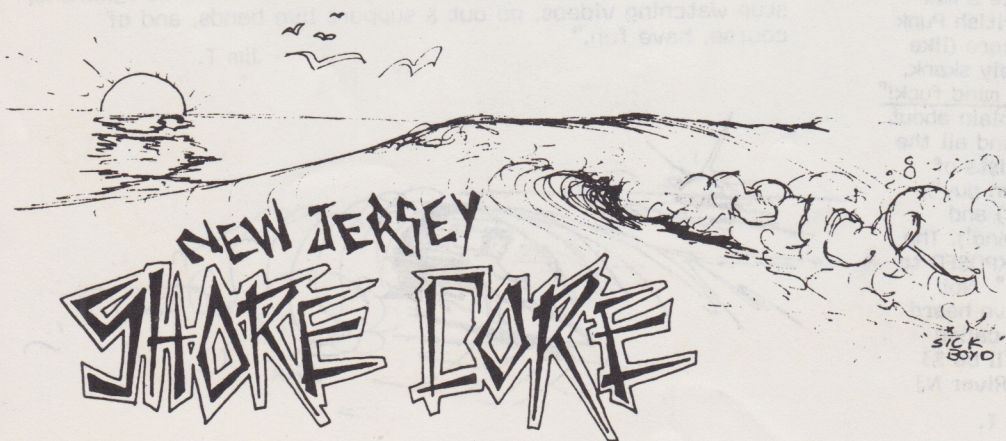
C.K.K. is really a band that's on hold, a combination of members of the Shock Mommies with bassist/singer Tom Kabalka (from Connecticut) joining in. The homemade demo they sent has fun chainsaw guitar from Chuck W., and some ok anvil/hammer bass/drums battering from Tom and Russ. Some of their songs are anti-religion (as their name implies) but they seem a lot more interested in having fun than in preaching, as "Planet Izod" and "Soap Opera" attest. I bet someone in the group really likes the Kinks; they have that same dark kinky streak of black humor. - Jim Testa

SHOCK MOMMIES

Adrenalin O.D. did a lot more than prove you could be from NJ and still be a bona fide HC band; they also set the pattern for all the jokey NJ funcore bands that have followed. Shock Mommies are right in that tradition. Lots of funny songs, spluttering vocals (with punchlines!), powerthrash guitars way up front. Song titles say it all: "Neo-Nazi Nancy" (very Dickies influenced), "You May Be Dead," their political thriller, "I Left My Mom In Vietnam," even an ode to professional wrestling. Jordy Ash, the band's ex-bassist, left to go to school but left behind a big chunk of the band's repertoire. Says drummer Russ Scene, "The two bands I'm involved with (Shock Mommies and CKK) are both pretty much along the lines of hardcore, but some more melodic stuff, different people, styles."

Marc Saxton on guitar & vocals, Jim Norton sings, and the whole bunch range in age from 17 to 22. Joe Calandra is the new bassist.

Shock Mommies/Box 181/Colts Neck NJ 07722





GOOD HUMOUR

Good Humour's one of the best & brightest of the young ShoreCore bands. Dickey Kinney, 17, is the frontman, a gangling athletic frontman who whoops it up on stage with lots of spirit. John Ford, 17, handles the chunky guitar chords and sizzling leads that propel the band's original songs, while John Geiger, 18, plays a tuneful rock 'n roll bass. Dean Iglay, at 15 the 'kid,' is on drums. Sez Dean, "I live in Belmar, the others live in Spring Lake, which is next to Belmar. Living down here all year is really cool. The wintertime is totally different from what you've probably seen in the summer - there's only about 1/4 the people!" Good Humour is another band that isn't afraid to goof around - their repertoire includes a Spinal Tap cover and clever songs like 'I Wanna Quit The Band.' They're young & still growing - their destructo cover of the Village People's "Macho Man" works better as an idea than as an actual song, since it tends to fall apart in mid-yuk - but their "Live At CBGB" demo shows lots of good songs and pretty keen chops. Favorites include: Spinal Tap, Meatmen, Underdog (!), Murphy's Law, Black Sabbath, Motorhead, and guitarist John Ford likes the Grateful Dead. Keep an eye out for these guys; they're comers.

- Jim T.



LETHAL AGGRESSION

More Garden State Thrash, set apart by the lightning-fingered Speedcore guitar of Rob DeFroschia, whose nimble leads punctuate the band's pounding power-punk originals. On some songs, like "Country Pig," LA pounds out Ramonesish powerchord melodies while other songs have a heavier metal crunch. Gruff-voiced frontman John Saltz leads the band while Kenny Lund on drums does his best to set a new Land Speed Record on his kit. - JimT.

The institutors of NJDC (N.J. Death Core), L.A. have a 7-song demo called "From The Curt of Fucking Whore." The bands says they live for "Drugs, deathcore, and treating women like shit." Listening to their demo for the first time is like hearing Hardcore for the first time. It kinda does something funny to your spinal system. The songs are short, catchy, and have a funny touch. Seeing them live, however, wasn't as good, as they lacked unity & the ability to contact the audience. This doesn't change my idea of L.A. - I hope to see them in better form soon. Lethal Aggression, 555 Duquesne Ave., Brick, NJ 08723. Their demo is \$5, comes w/stickers.

- John Lisa



FANZINES

These 'zines do an especially good job of covering the South Jersey scene.

FAITH

PO Box 7235
Trenton, NJ 08628
50¢ + 39¢ postage

THIS ZINE SUCKS

c/o Bob Conrad
1601 Scenic Dr.
W. Trenton, NJ 08628
50¢ + 39¢ postage

YUCK!

c/o Mickey M.
2 Cornwell Dr.
New Hope, PA 18938
25¢ + 22¢ postage
Yuck! is also a label.
Write for their catalog of
tapes & records.



MORE
ON
NEXT
PAGE!



DOC MARTEN

This trio - Paul, drums; Mike, bass & vocals; John, guitar & vocals - is one of the Shore Core's few skinhead bands. "The general skinhead reaction to us in Jersey has been well received but we still manage to piss some people off," the band told T2S. Depending on who you believe, the Martens pissed quite a few people off at a June show in Switlik Park (Trenton). The band claims they got pissed off over last-minute changes in their guarantee, time of set, etc. Well...moving right along, Doc Marten (the name is a brand of British boot) plays what they call American "Oi" music, but "we try to avoid political or controversial opinions in our music primarily because we want to support all skins, no matter what their beliefs are." They have 3 demos tapes (none of which we've head) which are \$5 each from: Doc Marten, 2209 Barneget Blvd., Pt. Pleasant NJ 08742.

SUPERFINEMAGNETICPARTICLE

"Songs We Have," cassette
Noiseland, 30 Richkell Rd. Groveville NJ 08620

The Jersey electronic/avant/noise scene continues to expand, with the release by this Trenton-area duo, whose work can also be found on those weird Birdoprav compilation tapes put out by Scornflakes. Altho inspired by their buddies in SMERSH, this is the cleanest & one of the most refreshing noise tapes I've heard. Much less threatening than the way most of this music usually goes. Superb stereo panning and sound placement, a certain innocent quality... "Craven" balances a slowly evolving contained-feedback drone with a molasses-like mumbled bass bottom. It gets more alien when the vacuum cleaner guitars begin to explode. The molten phased guitars swirl around the mix, slowing altering into cooler mutants still. "Song" is not really a song, but a suspenseful drifting landscape. The also inappropriately named "Speed Two" has a lovely Eno-like, soft distant synthi wash, which combines with spacey cymbal work & feels very pure and soothing. "Don't Mess (Dub Mix)" is the most fun piece; it employs a simple drum machine beat and funk bassline to get us into that dancin' groove. Triggered noise inserts, sped-up vocal things, as well as other found sounds fill out the scheme. It also sounds as if someone's dad is shouting, "You're playing with the human mind!" And that they are. A perfect introduction to the fascinating world of (not exclusively) noise.

- Bruce Gallanter

DR. BOMBAY

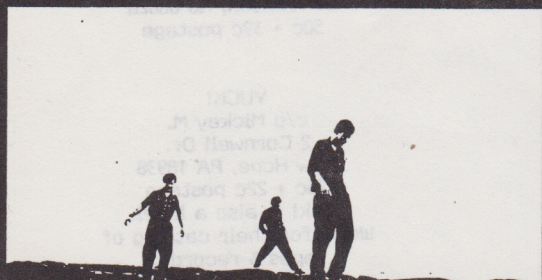
"Alone For You"/"Bound & Gagged"
611 Cedar Ave., Collingswood, NJ 08108

From somewhere south of Cherry Hill comes Dr. Bombay, with ex- or current members of such "name" So. Jersey/ Philly groups as Das Yahoos, Bunnydrums, and the Ben Vaughn Combo. This single augurs well for the band - it's got great spooky atmospherics ala' early Gun Club. Of the 2 sides, I prefer "Bound & Gagged," with its tribal voodoo beat and grinding-metal guitars. "Alone For You" is slower and moodier, with evocative keyboards by Greg Cowper (aka Gus Cordovox of the Vaughn Combo). Steamy, insinuating, sexy, and persuasive, this 45 makes me eager to catch the group perform.

- Jim T.

COMING THIS SEPTEMBER

spiral jetty



tour of homes

ON INCAS RECORDS

RAGING SLAB



MAXWELLS

THURS AUG 21

THE SHOT HEARD AROUND THE WORLD

Compilation cassette

c/o David Koenig, 200 E. Price St.

Linden, NJ 07036 Apt. 1B, \$3

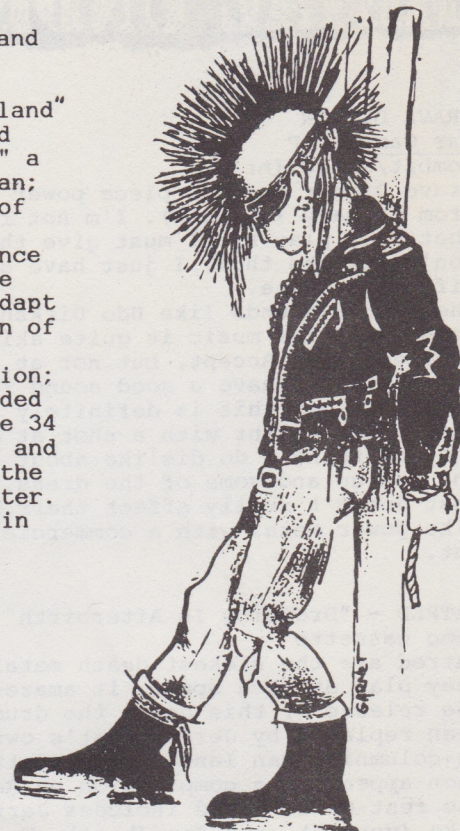
This impressive compilation of "political music" draws from hardcore and punk bands from Brooklyn to Hawaii, and presents as many different definitions of "political" as there are bands.

Highlights include Chicago's Group Of Individuals, whose "Sakhalin Island" dissects the Russian downing of a civilian 747 with a Russian-flavored dirge-like melody; Indianapolis' Sloppy Seconds provides "Don's Guns," a chilling post-Ramones punk song about a gun-worshipping Middle American; and NYC's own APPLE, whose two songs convince mostly on the strength of Jae Monroe's effectively haunted vocals.

Generic thrashers - anti-war, anti-government, and anti-climactic, since their strident protests are so predictable - are kept to minimum; the same topics are painted in richer (if subtler) colors by bands that adapt a more varied musical approach, like Philly's Psychotic Norman, Legion of Doom from San Jose, and Chicago's Defoliants.

Unfortunately, too many of the cuts suffer from basement-demo production; most of them are distorted, a result of dubbing a tape that was recorded too loud in the first place. But that's a quibble, nothing more. The 34 songs here, by 18 American bands, accompanied by four pages of lyrics and liner notes, represent an impressive accomplishment by David Koenig, the young editor of "The Shot Heard Around The World," a one-page newsletter. Check this out for a taste of several unknown bands who promise much in the near future.

- Jim Testa



by Karen Schoemer

HANGING OUT AT MIDNIGHT

Compilation LP

Midnight Records

"Rock and roll is timeless but nothin' gets started before..."

MIDNIGHT. And what a way to start out this be-boppin', hob-nobbin', gut-smackin' Midnight 12-song compilation that'll spin you 'round the dial like there's no tomorrow morning. The Mighty Mofos bump & grind their way through "I Need You" via pulsing, driving rhythms and rough-cut vocals. Used to be Twin/Tone's Hypstrz back in the old days. Freak out.

1 AM. The Cavemen quicken and smooth the pace with "Labor Day," their hook-laden Lone Star smash. Texas hop! Shake 'n stir! Dig.

2 AM. "She's older than me & she's taller than me & she's smarter than me & that's how it should be." So progresses Woofing Cookies' depiction of the ever-popular, ever elusive, ever rockin' "Girl Next Door." A chunky, guitarsy romp produced by Pete Buck of R.E.M.

3 AM. The Wind will have you wondering, what decade is this anyway? with the upbeat acoustic/electric dueling and cozy harmonies of "Good News, Bad News."

4 AM. Wind out with Absolute Grey's "No Man's Land," a kind of rural equivalent to a Twilight Zone rerun: dark, mysterious, quirky, a touch subversive. Features the line, "I swallowed a genius."

5 PM. It's Happy Hour indeed with Hanging Out's first of 2 "Bonus Tracks," the Love Pushers' "Radio Girl." A sassy rock 'n roller that will stick in your mind for hours, all about some chick on college radio - "...back to the dorm for some R.E.M." - I can testify to that anyway. Hey! Mick London from Mod Fun's on this track, and the ubiquitous Howard Wuelfing, and Jim DeRogatis, and, and, why... Jim Testa! Jerseyphiles unite! And the music goes round and round...

6 PM. Side Two is off to a sinister start with the thick-skinned psychedelia of the Tryflies' "No." Pounding, textured pop.

7 PM. The Cheepskates take a bow to the '60's with "About You," and its harmonic, moodily melodic reminiscences...

8 PM. ...while the Kingsnakes shoot from the hip on this piano-bar 50's-flavored houserocker, "So Good.

9 PM. Street-smart soul from the Backbones and "The Rain Won't Stop." Remember Joey Miserable & The Worms? This is a bluesy blast in a similar vein, boasting members of the Senders.

10 PM. Howard Wuelfing and Tim Lee took a paid vacation and ended up with the guitar-heavy screech of "That Won't Make You Love Me." Plenty of drone, whine, and feedback on this jam session.

11 PM. Bonus Track #2: a previously unreleased demo from the Fuzztones, "The Witch." And the Kings of Garage bring down the house with their wild brew of funk & noise.

MIDNIGHT is a state of mind. Midnight is a label; Midnight did a superb job of pulling together 12 diverse bands and coming up with a consistently groovy LP. Each cut stands on its own and if you like one, chance are you'll dig 'em all and rock around the clock.

COMPILATIONS

METAL UNDERGROUND

by Mike & Dan

GRAVE DIGGER War Games, LP

Combat/Noise Int'l

Grave Digger are a 4-piece power metal outfit from Germany (I think). I'm not really too into what they play but I must give them credit - I don't dislike them, I just have a little different taste.

The singer sounds like Udo Dirksneider from Accept and the music is quite akin to some middle-period Accept, but not at all times. All the songs have a good sound (sometimes the same one) but this is definitely a band that shows some talent with a shot at big-time arenas. The one thing I do dislike about this band is the makeup and some of the dress, but I guess that doesn't really affect their music. If you like power metal with a commercial edge, check this out.

HATRED - "Drowning In Afterbirth" cassette Demo cassette

Hatred are the sickest death metal band from NJ. They play at such speed, it amazes most. Since the release of this demo, the drummer (J.P.) has been replaced by Jersey Beat's own Metal Underground co-columnist Dan Iannuzzelli and the group will soon appear on a compilation on Renaissance Records. The rest of the band includes Jerry (guitar), Mike (vocals), and Joe (bass). Write to them at: Hatred c/o Jerry Dallessandro, 5 High St. West Orange, NJ 07052. Send \$4 for the demo.

CORPSE - "Core of Destruction" demo cassette
Corpse hail from W. Orange, NJ and they are fucking sick. Songs like "Evil Cartoon Song," "Dumb Cunt," "Stop Making Me Mad," and "T.A.M.S." give them a humorous side too. The music and vocals are good, but unfortunately the band broke up. Write to them c/o Dan Iannuzzelli, 5 Ridgeway Ct., W. Orange NJ 07052.

Anyone wishing to submit metal records or tapes for review or who would like to trade tapes can write to us c/o Mike Aiello, 57 Hay Ave., Nutley, NJ 07110.

BEA

METALHEAD!



MIKE AIELLO
METAL UNDERGROUND!

Hatred - Drowning In Afterbirth
Corpse - Core of Destruction
Youth of Today - all
Straight Ahead - all
Crippled Youth
7 Seconds - The Crew
D.R.I. - all
Mayhem (NYC) - For Real
Murphy's Law - all
Voi Vod - Rrrroooaaarr!



A FEW WORDS WITH HATRED by Mike

Hatred is Mike DePoy (vocals), Jerry D'Alessandro (guitar), Damage (bass), and Dan Iannuzzelli (drums). Original drummer Jay McChesney left over musical differences. This interview is with guitarist Jerry.

Q: What demos are available?

We have one really shitty demo out, called "Drowning In Afterbirth." It doesn't represent us anymore tho since we've changed our style. We've played six shows. Some of the bands we've played with are Overkill, S.O.D., Whiplash, and Corpse.

Q: And you'll be on a record soon?

We are going to have two songs on a compilation (on Renaissance Records) out August 1st and then we'll do two albums with them.

Q: How do you feel about Satanic bands and lyrics?

It used to be cool, but now it's just boring. Everybody does it now, it's too monotonous.

Q: What are your lyrics about?

Our lyrics deal with things sicker than you could imagine.

Q: How do you stand on drugs?

You lay the drugs on the ground and you stand on them. Easy.

Q: What's your favorite new band?

We don't really like most of the new bands coming out but the ones we do like are Crippled Youth, Straight Ahead, and Cryptic Slaughter.

Q: What bands originally influenced Hatred?

Motorhead, Venom, and Metallica.

Q: How do you feel about the underground scene?

It's really starting to grow and get noticed. More people are starting to get into the scene and that's really cool.

Q: What's your sickest stage experience?

We haven't played a good enough show yet to have a really memorable stage experience, we've only played little shithole clubs.

Q: What do you think is in Hatred's future?

There is no future!!

Q: Any last comments?

Have you seen my fetus?

GRONG GRONG

Grong Grong, LP

Alternative Tentacles

Ahh, straight from the land down under, stack these gods along the lines with other great Australian punk rock like Men At Work, oh and don't forget those radical death Nu Wavos, INXS. Yeah, I know, bullshit, but seriously, I haven't heard any good alternative music from Australia before this nu band Grong Grong. (I know there are some headbangers out there yelling Vicious Circle; in my view, they suck as well.) And the big thing is Grong Grong has been around 5 years tryin' to get on a steady label. Obviously they have found it.

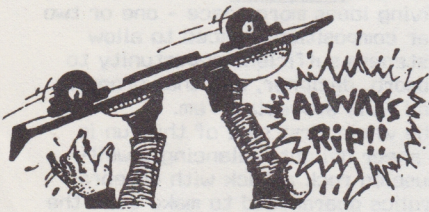
Grong Grong instruments sound a lot like the Butthole Surfers' noise with an added sax. The vocals lean more toward the Nick Cave larynx power wind. One side is all-studio, cut at Alternative Tentacles just a few months back; the other side is a well-recorded gig they did back in '83 at a local pub. I like this band a lot, but as in almost all cases of AT records, there's a little something missing. It's never an A, always a B, at AT. Latest news on these southerners is the hospitalization of a member, consequently postponing the American tour. "How will we know when they're coming?" you cry. Just buy the next issue of Rolling Stone and look under the tour dates section.

DAVID LA DUKE

Sinbad, LP

Azra, Box 58368, Louisville, KY 40258

Why this 70's arena rock n roller is on an indie is beyond me. His musical rhythms & skill are a little more compatible with our Warner Bros. foes. Instead, David finds himself with the task of self-promotion, gigs in the hicksville state of Kentucky, turning hardcore journalists on to some real music. This release is well produced, well written, and out of my league.



VOI VOD

Rrrroooaaarrr, LP

Combat Records

More & more I see hardcore lotus: metal bands influenced by the midst of well-distributed hardcore Gods. As in the case of Voi Vod, their Discharge t's, Danzig daevils, or dreadlock hairstyles, black leather & bullets stretched across their chest... In my opinion, the metamorphosis is far from being completed. Their ghoulish raw nightmare attempts are quite photogenic but their stab at thrashin' pile-drivin' music is remixed in a low-cal cream-of-metal soup. This bomb doesn't come close to pleasing me but the whole Combat Noise Blitzkrieg is bound to successfully shell on a few alternative-searching headbangers.

COLD-IRON REVIEWS



NEGATIVE FX

Taang Records

PO Box 51, Auburndale, MA

It's about time I heard this stuff again, and they said it was dead two years ago. 18 songs - all under a minute. Negative FX's tight speed/power thrash and fine production - why, let's call 'em "ashes of Negative Approach" - not to be confused with D.R.I.'s speed/powerless thrash. And the vocals...well..."what is he sayin'"...I don't know but it's fuckin' great. And yes, it's true, members of Jersey Beat are on the back cover, and the skate legend Jim Testa is seen on the front cover. I'll leave you with this... This is one thrash album that every rad punkass motherfucker has 2 scam!

BONELESS ONES

Skate With The Devil, LP

Boner Records

Man, the Boneless Ones have balls!!! - alliances with Jason, Miss Frenso, Satan... and then they do a happy song. The Boneless Ones will have Motley Crue on boards...head bangers, start beatin' it!

ZOOZG RIFT

Island of Living Puke, LP

SST Records

Weil, it's about time. For the past 3 years, the L.A. Hippie Reject Label has been dishing out some sloppy distilled trash: i.e. Gone's "Let's Get Really Gone For A Change" - this band features G.Ginn getting stoned with some cool dudes (Circle Jerks dictionary); Tom Troccoli's Dog - oh boy, this band features Davo, U no, Black Flag's roadie...that boy has trouble counting; Family Man gave everyone a chance to hear Henry J play out in the sand- c'mon, Hank, where were U in 62?...

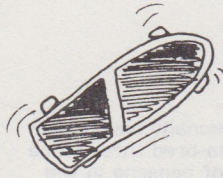
Out of nowhere comes a 300 lb. ugly, bald-headed wrestler, Zoogz Rift, and he comes from the Island of Living Puke. If U like Zappa/Beefheart, you'll love Zoogz. He completely destroys every "Art" music ever made, interrupting progressive melodies with soul-searching orgasms only to be interrupted again by egocentric redneck poontang lovers. This LP is built with clavinetts, keyboards, sax - not abrasive frivolity. "The Breathe" gets my prediction as the nu underground smash; by the way, Black Flag broke up.

MIGHTY SPHINCTER

New Manson Family, LP

Placebo Records

Believe me, I tried to like this record. I still have their t-shirt, the one with the upside-down anus (?) with flies zooming in & out. If I'm still right, there're still a bunch of punk rocker type dudes waving the satanic death flag and Mighty Sphincter is right up that alley. Check out these lyrics - "Creepy crawling through the night/murdering every thing" - sounds like a nifty Halloween song, but yet I know there's still people out there in their coffins boogying down to this sort o' stuff...but to this confused atheist...I'll stick with Alice Cooper.



STICK
DROID



GREG TROOPER BAND

We Won't Dance, LP

Wild Twin, Box 491, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028

This debut LP is an excellent collection of original songs covering a wide variety of styles. The songs, written by Trooper, contain a lot of inventive chord progressions & great melodies, and the band covers a range of styles very well. "Remember You" should appeal to Dwight Yoakum fans, while "All Night" feels like a cross between Stax/Volt and hard rock. "Little Sister," featuring guitarist Larry Campbell on fiddle, swings from the Pedernales to the Passaic, but is marred by the same incomprehensible lyrics that drag down "Everything About You." In "We Won't Dance" and "Play To Win," Trooper describes the feelings of watching an ex-girlfriend turn into a jerk with the same insight that made "Caroline, No" and "Alison" such classics. "Watch Your Back", highlighted by acoustic guitars and Walter Thompson's rolling drums, is a cynical (but accurate) description of the pods that are taking over Hoboken (and every other formerly affordable neighborhood). If you're thoroughly bored by the junk on the radio, I'd definitely recommend taking a chance and spending \$7 (or whatever) on this record.

- Chris Friedrich

RUDE BUDDHA

Blister My Paint, LP

Green Triangle Records

Rude Buddha mine a lode of Anglicized art-pop that I personally have never had much use for. But even I won't deny that this Virginia-bred three piece (now based in Astoria) display impressive drops & oodles of panache in the service thereof. "What You're Looking For" could easily be slotted in between Modern English and New Order by a club jock without risking dancers' disfavor, and other cuts were custom-made for Alternative AOR or college airplay. The Offense Newsletter must have shot its load over this 'un. I imagine that a nicely produced video exploiting bassist Jenny Wade's fresh good looks could easily bring the majors running.

- Howard W.

PLEASE DON'T ADJUST YOUR SET...There's Nothing Wrong With Your Needle

Cryptovision Records, Compilation LP

PO Box 1812, New York, NY 10009

Like the label it represents, this comp does for eclecticism what Pete Rose did for the word 'hustle.' Side One has some ok rockstuff, including aa cut from Mod Fun's new Crypto LP and two by longtime faves The Stepford Husbands. T The real discovery here may be the Distraction Boys. Side Two might best be described as Adult Contemporary...for very weird adults, most notable for the resurfacing of the enigmatic Deprogrammers.

- Jim T.

WAYFARERS World's Fare, LP Lolita Import

The Wayfarers posit this Bizarro World scenario: What if all rock 'n roll were based not on the 3-chord blues crunch of "Johnny B. Goode" but on, say, "The Girl From Ipanema"? This LP's worth of bossa nova, Europop movie muzak, and the occasional light rocker brings this hypothesis to its logical conclusion: A record that's fun in spots (esp. the bossa nova Buzzcocks cover) and enjoyable in small doses, but overall is something my dad feels more comfortable with than I do. Live, the Wayfarers mix it up with a few surf instrumentals, an extension of their rampant eclecticism they might consider if they ever get to record a domestic followup to this French debut.

- Jim T.

REVIEWS

MOFUNGO

Messenger Dogs of the Gods, LP

Coyote/TwinTone

On Messengers..., the chronically influential (viz. the dB's "Cycles Per Second") yet habitually underexposed (viz. any NY indie scene report unless 'twas scripted by B.Coley) Mofungo have taken great strides in making their ambitious aesthetic ideas more obtainable to the average rockin' Joe or Jolene.

These days, Mofungo comprise a post-No Wave dream lineup comprised of founder members Will Klein and Robert Sietsema, joined by Carbon grstr. Eliot Sharp and Chris Nelson from The Scene Is Now, two spiritual offspring that up to now have outstripped the achievements of their elders. With this new LP, however, Mofungo have taken great pains to harness their uncanny sense of melodic and rhythmical arcana to structural strategems which make 'em surprisingly easy to digest. Compared with earlier outings, Messengers sees Mofungo giving ideas more space - one or two per composition - paced to allow listeners sufficient opportunity to absorb, decipher, and thus properly and fully appreciate 'em.

The whole first side of this 'un is a sheer delight, balancing a well-muscled rock attack with cerebral frolics guaranteed to make even the most jaded avantists sit up & take notice. On Side 2, they get their much vaunted political emphasis across esp. well, hinged on a brilliantly timed take on "Big Rock Candy Mountain." For years I'd heard it on kiddie records - Capt. Kangaroo used to spin it, f'r chrissakes - without picking up on its chilling vision of homeless men on the move during the Depression, looking for a land of plenty where the American Dream was made flesh...an' food an' booze. If you've put off being Mofungo'd till now, give in & turn on.

- Howard Wuelfing



BLISTERING R'N'R

by Dan X

If you like punk rock circa 1976, then you'll love The Blisters. They start from a strong base of the Ramones, and they work from there. They add elements of the Real Kids, the Heartbreakers, the early Who, the Beatles, and Buddy Holly to their basic punk-rock sound. Songs like "Stale Smell Of Beer" and "My Room" are good examples of the catchy, melodic rock 'n roll in which the Blisters specialize.

The nucleus of the band are cousins, drummer Bill Kleemeyer and bassist/singer Nitti Bahl. These two have been playing together for many years. They began in a band called The Exceptions around Christmas, '84. This band recorded a demo tape consisting of two originals & a cover of the classic "Wipe Out." However, this demo does not represent the band as they sound today. The band went on hiatus when Nitti left for college; the Blisters regrouped, still as the Exceptions, in May, '85 and recorded a 4-song tape at this time, containing 3 originals and the Ramones' "53rd And 3rd." Bil says their sound relies on singing, not screaming and the lyrics are often comical. All their songs have a strong melody. In the past 4 months, the Exceptions have mutated into The Blisters. The name change came because the group discovered a band "more famous than us" already called the Exceptions. A new tape was done, with featured new guitarist and singer Pete Tremors on two songs. Pete soon left the band, however, so Bil and Nitti put together a compilation tape of their originals culled from their earlier tapes. In addition, this tape - called "No Thanks" - has a live version of "Hick Picnic," which showcases their sense of humor (making fun of NJ rednecks - and you thought there weren't any!). The new tape also displays their diversity, easily switching from straightforward C&W to even more straightforward 1-2 punk rock. The Blisters have not been blind of the predominant style of punk today, namely hardcore. They cite Pleased Youth, the Dead Milkmen, Husker Du, Ed Anger's Army, and Criminal Instincts as favorites of the genre. But they have chosen to stick to their traditional punk sound. So if you enjoy energetic good-time music, send for their "No Thanks" tape-- \$3 to The Blisters, PO Box 31, New Vernon, NJ 07976.

DISCORDS

by HOWARD

WUELFING



BIG BLACK

"Rema Rema" 45 flexi-disc

(free w/subscription to Forced Exposure

719 Washington St. #172, Newtonville MA 02160)

Face it, Amerindie zealots! Chicago's oft-lionized Big Black are a buncha closet Anglophiles, with more crucial debts than a drought-beleaguered farmer.

Typically, their stuff 'n nonsense reeks o' early '80's pre-goth post-punk progressivism, ala' Killing Joke, Virgin Prunes, etc. "Rema Rema" is a straightforward run-through of the signature tune of a group that gave the world Marco Pironi, longtime instrumental mainstay of Adam & The Ants. The tune got its first U.S. exposure in Slash, written by a friggin' Frenchie who useta front a Fall soundalike band called Catholic Discipline...he eventually deserted the U.S. for Rough Trade's U.K. HQ. Sacre bleu! I don't think any of this is grounds for nuthin'... I'd just like for folks to start callin' spades neither hearts nor clubs, ok?

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH

"Valley Of The Gwangi," +2 45

Homestead

Phantom Tollbooth's "Valley" is by far the most liberating rock 'n roll "Kaboom!" I've come across this summer. It's got manic-pop oomph akin to the MC5's "Call Me Animal" powering a scattershot structural sensibility ala' Ornette Coleman. This is probably just the groove Steve Wynn's been tryin' to get outta his skull and onto vinyl these past two years. Lazy aesthetes'll claim this recalls early Meat Puppets or Dinosaur, but they're off the mark 'ceptin' that the scrambling of influences and sock-it-to-em delivery has been accomplished with comparable brilliance.

NO BRAKES

"Pen Pals" + 2 EP

Reitzzound, 305 E. Verona Blvd., Pleasantville NJ 08232

No Brakes turn in a neat acoustic rock 'n roll number that owes absolutely nothing to R.E.M., Mitch Easter, etc. "Pen Pals" calls to mind ace hardCore producer Don Zientara's strange entanglements with No Joe, sloppy rock backing an eerie tremulous B.Ferryesque vocal. Tres endearing, considering that teamed with a sequencer, said vocalese would probably spell club hit. The sub-home demo quality of the production here also tickles my fancy this morning. Must be the weather.

SMOKIN' DAVE & THE PREMO DOPES

"Ethiopia Jokes"/"Planet Of Stone"

Bucky, PO Box 8190 University Sta., Knoxville TN 37996

A pick hit! This gutsy, rough-hewn folk-rocker w/ social conscience will remind yearlings o' prime 'Mats ala' "If Only You Were Lonely." Those with longer memory spans will recognize its roots as actually bein' vintage Village Green-era Kinks. Ole'!

REVIEWS

No heavy-metal sellout here; this is one of the purest hardcore LP's I've heard in a while. New guitarist Doug Holland brings virtually none of the hallmarks of his old band to the Cro-Mags' sound: There's none of early Kraut's power-punk anthems and very little of the metalled-out guitar-hero pyrotechnics of later Kraut as well. Instead, there are 15 songs - many under 2 minutes - full of Minor Threat powerchords and early Black Flag singalong choruses, all infused with devastating crunch - guitar, bass, and drums uniting in a pounding, almost martial fury behind the obviously lan-inspired declamatory vocals of John Joseph. What Age Of Quarrel does prove about the NY h-c scene is the enduring strength of the skinhead credo. In songs like "Street Justice," "It's The Limit," and "Don't Tread On Me," the Cro-Mags unabashedly rally the troops behind the idea that "right" justifies the use of whatever muscle it takes to dominate. It's a surprisingly Reaganite stand for such an alternative music, but when you begin with the idea that "World Peace (can't be done)," it's just a small moral leap to "Street Justice" and the philosophy, "Feel it's right/go out & do it."

There's a great difference between Agnostic Front's first LP "Victim In Pain" and their new one, "Cause For Alarm." The fact is, CFA is more on the speedmetal side than hard-core punk. The songs are still short, fast, and to the point, but somehow adding a second guitarist (Alex from the band Cause For Alarm) gives the album a definite metallic feel. The lyrics of 3/4 of the album were written by Petrus Steele, bassist for NY's heavy-metal Carnivore. AF's lyrics have also changed from strict unity to more songs about the real world, the depressing facts. This album has many more leads than V.I.P. (which had one). You can really hear the influence of Exodus and Metallica, which singer Roger claims as his main influences. A.F. is not going uphill or downhill, they are merely changing their direction slightly. Both LPs are excellent in style, production, and content. Many more metal kids are becoming A.F. fans and the band loves it. Best tracks: "Public Assistance," "Eliminator" and "Time Will Come."

- John Lissa

CRUNCH!

Walls Have Ears is a magnificent record of rambunctious rough 'n tumble rock 'n roll that ranks right up alongside the first MC5 album, Live Peace In Toronto.



LOST IN AGGRESSION

Mutha Records

Box 416, W. Long Branch, NJ

Lost in Aggression. Strange name for a great blues/rock trio. Musically, these guys are right on the money - pure, unadorned minimal use of distortion (a rare treat), and a diverse array of blues-derived tunes, all their own. Their guitarist is incredibly diverse, making each note ring with clarity & feeling. Their music always comes directly from the heart. What makes them unique are the youth-oriented lyrics; they ain't poetry by any means, but they do speak the real dumb truth of life. Close to that over-the-edge punk spirit, the totally obnoxious (but hilariously sick) chorus of "Shitty Materialistic World" will have your friends rolling on the floor in hysterics. And just when you think you've got these dudes pegged, they pull a couple of changes in direction: Two Feelies-like jangly guitar heaven pieces, as well as some hip jazz guitar influence too. Parts of what they do remind me of a laidback Catharsis or the primitive party-rock of Austin's Wild Seeds. That sick & twisted voice truly stands out against the purity of the music. An odd combination, yet a perfect mixture.

Rumor has it that this combo likes to improvise and take chances live, so it's time to check them out in a club - probably down the shore, from whence they hail. Unless of course Johnny Dirt decides to have one of his happening blues-drenched triple-bills and invites these guys. DO IT, JOHNNY!!

- Rock N Rollo Gallanter



THE BROKEN HEARTS

Want One?, LP

Scarlette Records

More than one reviewer has sloughed off the Broken Hearts as just another 60's revivalist band. It's a shame, because that label turns off some of the very people who would actually like the Broken Hearts. Not that this group isn't 6T's influenced - Want One?, with its harmonies, hooks, and jangly guitars shows traces of the Beatles, Dylan, and the Byrds. However, most of the LP's 6T's influences are filtered through late 70's power-pop, like Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello, and Joe Jackson. Given the Broken Hearts' considerable talent, the result is a record displaying an innocence rare in today's rock. Occasionally, this innocence lapses into shallowness, as on "You Won't Find Me." Most of the songs, such as "When I Am Looking At My Baby," are melodic & danceable with a deeper undercurrent. Having relocated to NY from Hartford, the 'Hearts will be gigging here soon, and judging from this LP, are worth checking out. Want One? might be lukewarm, but I wouldn't mind taking a bath in it.

- Dawn Eden

EDDY LAWRENCE

Walker County, LP

Snowplow, 166 Norfolk St. #4A, NYC 10002

This debut LP from Eddy Lawrence - ex- of the Lower East Side's cowpunk rockers, LESR - has a light-spirited hillbilly twang but still bristles with an urban wit that reminds me of those two great Chicago singer-songwriters, John Prine and the late, wonderful Steve Goodman. This is thoroughly enjoyable and crisply produced, the sort of personal folkie/country indie that's become all too rare. Check it out.

- Jim T.



WHIRLING DERVISHES

Affordable World, LP

WM Records

Box 68, Garwood, NJ 07027

Despite their fanciful name, Whirling Dervishes offer a surprisingly palatable array of pop hooks, plunky guitars, and snappy '80's sensibilities on this 4-song EP. Seamless production & a clutter-free mix allow each element of this basic 5-piece combo to come clean through, right down to the savoir-faire vocals of Don Dazzo, who sounds as though he'd be right at home somewhere between the Pet Shop Boys and the American Music Club. "Affordable World" is the most radio-ready of the 4 tunes here, as polished pop as pop dishes up. "Tan" has a chunkier riff but I wish the band would take its symbolism a little less seriously. Side 2 checks into a heavier, slightly more discordant mode, esp. "Pal Joey," whose socio-political machismo is pounded home by a powerful rhythm drive. Whirling Dervishes throw a few curves but they work quite competently in their chosen format. P.S. Plus you get a neat poster with this record.

- Karen Schoemer



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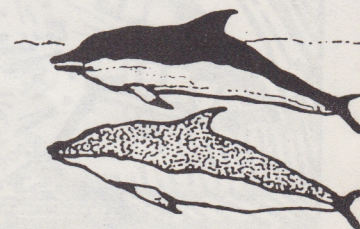
Box 920 Buckingham, PA
18912



Boy, what a fun band! This 4-song cassette makes me want to jump around & act silly. A solid effort by a newer New Brunswick unit, featuring that ever-friendly haircut-alternating punk, Cliff Livingston (rhythm guitar), Rob Press (lead gtr., vocals), Jacques Rowden (bass & vox), and Kara Thrasher (drums). "Lightning" comes blasting thru them speakers in double-strummin' guitar fury; mucho wailing, with some great male/female vocals riding on top. A tortured & strongly rocking guitar solo smashes our feelings to bits. This is primal therapy, a punk sneer without thrash speed. The anger seems to be buried at the center of "I'm Sorry," with very real & honest vocals by Jacque. Very X-like. "Cliff, Are You Dead?" makes fun of the overly cliched hardcore formula of slow/fast/slow/fast, but it's not much better than the cliches it's kidding. It's still quite catchy in a silly way. "Free Love" is a total goof and the most successful. I haven't heard anyone take an intelligent poke at hippies since the early Mothers... It contains an ultimately memorable chorus that will have you screaming "Free love!" by the end. You can reach Dolphin Room at: 137 Welton St. #2, New Brunswick, NJ 08901

- Bruce Lee Gallanter

THE DOLPHIN ROOM



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SHORT TAKES



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PETER STAMPFEL & THE BOTTLECAPS LP, Rounder

It's not surprising that these songs still sound fresh & lively, even tho this LP's been in the works for 2 years and the record represents 5 years of writing, sifting, shaping, and polishing by veteran folkie Peter Stampfel and his collaborator (and the Bottlecap's unsung hero), John Scherman. After all, that's what folkies do - keep old songs alive. It's getting a (relatively) young rock 'n roll combo to play 'em for ya that's the stroke of genius here. That and Stampfel's great wit, which hasn't been this sharp since 1975's Have Moicy!

MOD FUN

"Mary Goes Round"/"Grounded", 45
Cryptovision
"Grounded," the non-LP B-side, finds the boys going bananas with every studio effect in the book (flangers on the drums? Sheesh!), but the important thing is the truly moving vocal by Mick London, who's turning into quite a singer. "Mary Goes Round," from the Dorothy's Dream LP, wouldn't have been my choice for the single, but it's a ripping neopsychedelic - rocker in the modestly weird Crypto-vision tradition.

THE STEPFORD HUSBANDS

"Seems Like Years"/"Kwik Way," 45
Cryptovision
I liked this combo better when they cranked the keyboards up into full Farfisa garage grunge, but this 45 still has a nice rough-edged kick, with a trashy snare sound and cave-teen vocals. The B-side is a flippy instrumental that steals riffs from "99th Floor" and sounds like the soundtrack to Ron Rimsite's home movies. Swingin'.

DOGMATICS

Everybody Does It, 8-song mini-LP
Homestead
My favorite Homestead band comes back with more of their roll 'n rock - about 3 parts Rolling Rock to 2 parts Rolling Stones, actually. The music is as endearingly goofy as the album sleeve, and "Thayer Street" proves they can even write real songs when they feel like it. I don't much like these Homestead mini-Lps tho - 8 short songs for a buck less than what you'd pay for a full-length LP.

THE SMITHEREENS Especially For You, LP Enigma

Enigma - the label where good bands go to die - presents The Smithereens, NJ's answer to Tommy Kenne, and may they enjoy at least as much success. This LP's nearly-perfect popcraft lifts riffs from everybody - from Buddy Holly to Roy Orbison to Duane Eddy, yet retains a distinctiveness that spells "Smithereens." "Blood & Roses" (catch the video?) is a GREAT pop single, moody but catchy as all get-out. Don Dixon's production lets the band's talent shimmer through clear and simple mix that never gets too fussy with those Drive-In Studio effects. A+.

- Jim T.

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AMOR FATI'S COMPLAINT

by Bruce Gallanter

AMOR FATI

"Rock N Roll," 7" EP

Yuck!, 2 Cornwell Dr.

New Hope, PA 18938

Possibly the most repulsive cover to ever grace a 7" disc (I didn't know a hand could fit up there!). Hilarious but all too real liner notes, with some good advice for our current decadent culture.

"Economics 101:" A stripped-away instrumental, so that one can invent their own storyline/lyrics. A primal rock drone, with only drums, thick tribal bass, and some distinctively abrasive but focused guitars cry out. Basement level distortion, as in garage. Truly bitchin'.

"Economics 101 (Part 2):" Same tune, but with Amaury's tough/slightly crazed, disembodied Complaint Dept. vocals. Ok, ok, I believe you, pal; give this guy some bread so that he can put out a hi-budget noise masterpiece. There is something very genuine about Amaury's anti-major label tirade. More real than most rap.

"No Self:" The other extreme, amazingly subtle. A grumbling, sluggish, sinister glow & sufficiently bleak horizon. Featuring a distant ominous whisper, the ultimate disturbing voice, reminds me of fellow Jersey noise wizards, SMERSH. Short, but no less painful.

"Death Survives:" A most successful collaboration with England's Nails Ov Christ. Stark dark beauty, somber yet nightmarish synth suspensions, with an unusually tranquil center, shattered by those Will To Live metallic beatings. An abrupt contrast of violence smashing beauty. Music to awaken the dead. This EP has been pressed in a very limited edition, so order yours NOW!



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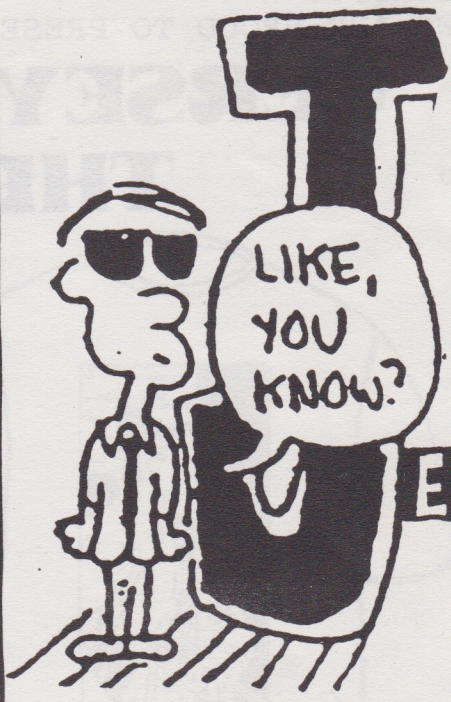
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